

Child's Ministry.

"AND a little child shall lead them,"
Oh, the sweetness of a word!
In the grand millennial glory,
Ere the coming of our Lord.

Little children shall be helpers,
Sharers, too, in all the joy;
Gracious words their lips shall utter,
Gracious deeds their hands employ.

In those latter days of splendour,
As of old in Galilee,
Christ, the Lord, will welcome children,
Love's sweet ministers to be.

Work there is for old disciples,
"Feed my lambs," Christ says to them:
But the little ones he'll cherish,
Childish love he'll ne'er contemn.

Welcome, then, dear little workers,
Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew.
If, till death, you're true and faithful,
Crowns unfading wait for you.

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Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889.

What "Six Sermons Did."

If a good deed shines in this wicked world like a candle in the darkness, a good book shines as a light-house.

When Dr. Lyman Beecher published his "Six Sermons on Intemperance," he thought they might do a little good work in Connecticut; but the "Sermons" have wrought great deeds among all English-speaking peoples.

A copy of the "Sermons" found their way into the house of a drunken Scotch cobbler—James Stirling, of Milngavie. One Saturday night, on returning home from the public-house, where he had been carousing, he overheard his wife reading, as her custom was, a chapter of the New Testament, to the children.

The chapter was the twenty-fifth of Matthew, in which is the parable of our Lord concerning the separating the sheep from the goats.

"Will father be a goat, mother?" asked the youngest boy, looking up into his mother's face. The poor woman was bewildered by the boy's question; but the drunken father, who had overheard it, was struck with shame and remorse.

He tossed upon his bed that night, and slept but little, for his heart was troubled. The next day, being ashamed to go to church, he stayed at home. Seeking for some book to read, that he might get

away from himself, he discovered the "Six Sermons on Intemperance." He read them; they seemed to have been written for him alone. Then and there he formed the resolution to drink neither beer nor spirits.

He attended a temperance meeting a few nights later, and publicly signed the pledge. Off ran one of his sons as fast as his legs could carry him, to his sick mother, with the news.

"Mother!" he shouted, as he rushed to the bed-side, "father has just put down his name, and the minister has put down his name, and they are all putting down their names!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother. Her tears stopped her doxology. "If he has signed, he'll keep it," she added.

"Yes, he'll keep it," and her face flushed with the dawn of better days. "I'll sign it, too, and ye must all sign it, for the set time to favour us has come."

It had come. From that evening Stirling worked with diligence at his trade, and with enthusiasm to promote the cause of temperance and religion.

A Night and a Day at Bella Bella.

THE night referred to was last Christmas Eve. The missionary steamer, *Glad Tidings*, in charge of Captain Oliver, with his crew, and passengers on board from Victoria, steamed into the harbour at eleven p.m. As soon as they hove in view of the village they were cheered by a sight which is not to be seen anywhere in British Columbia, perhaps, but at the mission stations of the Port Simpson District. The whole village—which skirts the shore of the bay—was illuminated. Every house belonging to the Indians had its windows lighted up—and in some cases lanterns were hung outside the doors.

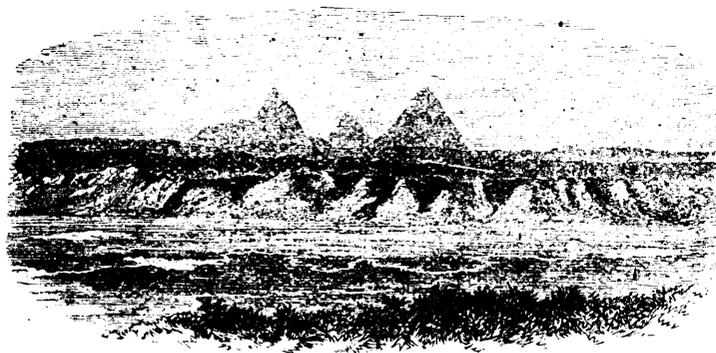
A band of carol-singers, who had learnt several hymns and Gospel songs during the previous weeks from their missionary, were going from door to door throughout the entire village, singing their inspired pieces, aided partially by a brass band, the performers having only been in practice for about a month, and without the luxury of a teacher or the knowledge of musical notation.

As Captain Oliver afterwards said, to hear the strains of those Christian songs wafted across the harbour, as they cast anchor, was enough to fill one's heart with joy—especially when the character of both singers and songs were taken into account.

It might be of interest to mention the title or first line of the pieces sung. They were as follows: "My heart and voice I raise to spread Messiah's praise," "Are you coming home, ye wanderers?" "Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?" "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" "Why do you wait, dear brother?" etc.; and another, which they had learnt before, "How beautiful upon the mountains," etc.

The night being fine and clear, formed a fitting prelude to the religious services of next day, when Brothers Oliver and Robinson preached to large congregations. To witness such a scene brought forcibly to one's mind Charles Wesley's beautiful rendering of Isaiah xxxv. 1:

"Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice;
Glad some hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring."



VIEW OF UFUMBIRO MOUNTAINS.

Short Sermons for Boys.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily:—

A Swedish boy fell out of a window, and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The King—Gustavus Adolphus—who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's house, in Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why simply this: That in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil, that make the man or woman good or not.

CHATHAM STREET and Sydenham Street, Kingston, report Boys' Mission Bands. We note this as a most promising result of the missionary work in our churches. The boys waked up to an interest in missions! It may be some of these dear boys are to be called to the foreign field, or to do valiant work in our own beloved land. And, if not to be in that sense—missionaries or preachers—they are to take their places in the ranks of Christian citizenship to work for God, as merchants, lawyers, doctors, legislators, or else. How much the country needs men of God to carry the principles of the precious Gospel of Christ into every sphere of life! Dear boys and girls of our churches, Sunday-schools, and mission-bands! What an army of Christian workers for the future! May we awake to the full importance of moulding these tender minds and hearts into sympathy and love for every good word and work, that the nation we are helping to build may indeed be one "whose God is the Lord."—*Outlook*.

ONE does not need to try hard to be good. Simply do not, in the least degree, let yourselves be bad. That is sometimes hard to do, for there are a great many things that tempt children and grown people to do wrong; then both grown people and children must ask God to fight the battle, and he will surely do it and win, if they will stand "on the Lord's side."